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MARY MORLAND,

OR

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES,

OF

AN ORPHAN.



BY BENJAMIN BARKER,

Author of the Zoraida, or the Witch of Naumkeag, &c.

BOSTON:

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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1845.



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INTRODUCTION.

As the general class of readers, very seldom peruse introductions, the Author deems it incumbent upon him to state that the incidents upon which the foregoing story is founded, are true ; the names of the characters only, being fictitious. The Author would, therefore, without further preface, submit the story, with its plot, incidents and coloring, to the indulgence of an intelligent and generous public.



MARY MORLAND; OR THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER I.

READER, the first person whom we shall introduce to your notice in opening this singular and surprising history, is Mr. Solomon Simpkins. And who is Mr. Solomon Simpkins? Why, he is, or rather was, a shrewd, hard-featured, cadaverous looking specimen of humanity, who kept some years ago, a wholesale and retail Grocery store, in the City of Boston. His father had carried on the same business before him, and by dint of depriving himself and his family of the comforts of life, had hoarded up a neat little fortune, and after he had toiled, and sweat, and grubbed to get it together, he did as many others have done before him; that is, he died without having an opportunity to enjoy his property, and left it to his only son Solomon. Now Solomon might have been appropriately styled a "second edition" of his father, altered somewhat, but certainly not amended. The only aim and object of his existence, from his earliest boyhood, up to the time our story opened, was Money. He was taken from school by his father, as soon as he had learned to cipher through the "Rule of Three," and placed in the store, where he was very soon initiated into the "art and mystery of making an honest penny" (as his father termed it) by giving short weight, and making short measure, to those of the numerous customers upon whom they could thus impose with impunity. And in large towns and cities, amongst the poorer class of people, there are many—such as poor widows, who have been left with large families of children, who have to toil from morning until night, for a scanty pittance, which hardly suffices to keep soul and body together, and then have to wait the convenience of their purse proud employers before they can get their hard earned money. I repeat, that many such people as these, become the unconscious victims of the petty

extortions of little, mean, small men, like the father of Solomon Simpkins, who accumulated a fortune by dealing out, and nipping as he dealt, the few pennyworths of the common necessities of life that the scanty means of the said victims, might warrant them in purchasing. But to return. Young Solomon proved to be an apt scholar in the school of miserly immorality, in which it was his fortune to be educated, so much so, that at the early age of 20, his father saw fit to enlarge his business and take him into partnership. Now Solomon had been so totally absorbed in money making that not until the death of his father, which happened about ten years after his taking share in the business, did he think of taking unto himself a wife. Nor am I certain that such an idea would have ever entered his head had it not been that a few days before his death, his father called him to his bedside, and thus addressed him :

"My son, as I am probably about to leave the world, I wish to give you a little advice, which is to marry, that is, as soon as you can come across a suitable partner. Although, my son, I do not wish to dictate your choice, yet I have long had 'my eye' upon a person whom I think exactly fitted for you in every particular. The person to whom I have reference is Miss Dorinda Simms, the Milliner, who keeps the shop about opposite to ours. I have at different times talked and chatted with her, and closely watched her movements, and I find that she is a nice, tight, saving body, so are you. She knows how to squeeze an hour's extra work out of persons in her employ, so do you; she knows how to contrive to grind the last cent out of her poor neighbors, and so do you. Therefore, my son—but the pain is now coming upon me, I can say no more."

Solomon immediately left the apartment and went to the store, pondering in his mind the various considerations, for and against committing matrimony with Miss Dorinda Simms. "It will cost something," soliloquized he, as he walked slowly towards his place of business, "but no it won't either, or that is, not a great deal; let me calculate; there will be the old man's house, when he is dead; I suppose we shall have that and the furniture, then there is the snug little fortune of Dorinda, and we can get old Squire F—— to marry us, that will cost, let me see, oh, nine shillings! too much in all conscience, but, however as he trades with me, I'll jew it out of him, in the course of a few months." This novel train of reasoning led Solomon to the conclusion, that he would take his father's advice, and get married as soon as possible. So having settled the matter in his own mind, he resolved to visit Dorinda in the evening and open the subject to her in a business like manner. Accordingly, after supper, he donned his best suit of rusty black, then proceeded again to his store, and after tying up a small parcel of his best Hyson tea, (as a sort of a complimentary present to his destined innamorata,) he left his shop and

crossing the street, immediately entered hers. Now Miss Simms was a maiden lady, of what age I really could not for a certainty undertake to say; she calling herself 30, but the wrinkles in her face and sundry other physical demonstrations of the same nature, leading the practical observer to add to the above number of years, at least 10 more. Therefore, having told the reader all I know concerning the lady's age, I must leave him to form his own conclusion upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that like the majority of ladies of her particular kind, Miss Dorinda Simms was a great gossip; and her shop was the repository of all the scandal of the neighborhood.

Upon the entrance of Mr. Solomon Simpkins this lady exclaimed:

"Bless me, what a stranger; well, I declare Mr. Simpkins, sit down sir; father dead, Mr. Simpkins? anything—a-hem! wanted for the ladies in the mourning line, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Nothing wanted in that line yet, Miss Simms, although there probably will be in a few days," replied Solomon, as he seated himself, and then added,

"I wish to see you upon a little business of a private nature, Miss Simms, if so be it is convenient to you."

"Private business," exclaimed the lady in astonishment, "why, what can it be; I will attend to you immediately, Mr. Simpkins. Jane!"

This last summons was addressed to a small, pale, thin girl, who opening the door of the little back room wherein she was busily engaged in trimming bonnets, answered it by saying,

"Here Ma'am."

"Jane," said Miss Simms, speaking with her usual volubility, "Jane tend the shop, and Jane sort these ribbons, and a-hem, Mr. Simpkins, this way if you please."

So saying, they both entered the little back room attached to the shop, and inviting Solomon to be seated, Miss Simms took the precaution of shutting and barring the door, when Mr. Simpkins began conversation as follows:

"You know my dear Miss Simms, that I am a man of but few words."

"Certainly," interrupted Miss Simms. "Therefore I will say that I have a delicate question to ask you.

Do you wish to change your condition, or in plain words to be married?"

"Me, married!" exclaimed the apparently horror struck Dorinda. "Mr. Simpkins, what do you mean?"

"Mean, why I mean what I say," replied Solomon, in no way disconcerted by the alarming appearance of the lady; "the fact is, father is going to die, mother is old and crazy, I shall have the house and furniture and the whole business, father advised me to marry you, and if you are willing

after father's gone, why we will be married." Having ended what he had to say, Solomon composedly crossed his legs, and gazing intently upon the wall, awaited Dorinda's answer.

Seeing that Mr. Simpkins was not to be trifled with, the lady somewhat confusedly replied :

"Oh, dear, if you are really in earnest, Mr. Simpkins, a-hem, you have taken me by surprise, a-hem, must consult my friends, Mr. Simpkins, answer to-morrow."

"That won't do," answered the stoical Solomon, "answer now."

"Oh dear, well then," replied the blushing Dorinda, "if you will not take no for an answer—a-hem—why you must take yes, so I consent."

The match being thus satisfactorily made, Solomon presenting Miss Simms with the little parcel of tea which he had brought with him, took his hat, and leaving the room, entered the front shop, followed by his intended spouse.

"A gentleman looked in a few moments ago, and left this basket," said Jane to her mistress, as she entered the shop.

"What word did he leave," asked Miss Simms, taking up the basket.

"None," replied Jane, "he merely opened the door and walked in, depositing the basket where you found it, after which he immediately walked out again."

Miss Simms expecting of course that the basket contained some present from some of her rich customers, for her last new improvement in the fashion of their bonnets, proceeded eagerly to examine the contents of it.

As she lifted the nice white napkin, which answered the purpose of a cover, she dropped the basket, exclaiming, "Oh Lord, Jane, quick, my bottle of volatile; I sink, I faint, dear Mr. Simpkins, ahem, O Lord."

Solomon, who was about taking his leave of the lady for the night, upon hearing this unintelligible jargon, turned towards her to learn the cause of it.

"What's the matter?" asked Solomon.

"Look there," screamed Dorinda, pointing to the basket. And picking up the basket he did look, and saw locked in the sound, sweet sleep of angel innocence, the cherub form of a lovely infant, apparently not more than 3 or 4 days old.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, this is a pretty go, blow me if it ain't, said Mr. Solomon Simpkins quickly replacing the basket upon the floor."

"What is to be done in this case, Miss Simms?"

"O dear," sobbed out the disconsolate Dorinda, "don't ask me Mr. Simpkins, I shall go distracted, to think that a creditable house and shop, such as I always kept, thank God, should be disgraced by a —— a hem, dear, dear, it almost makes me crazy to think of it. I—"

But the farther repinings of Miss Simms were suddenly put a stop to by the abrupt entrance from the street door, of a handsome and well dressed man—which event was first made known to Solomon and Miss Simms (who both stood with their backs to the door,) by Jane's exclaiming—"Heaven, protect us, the very gentleman what left the basket here."

"You speak truly girl, said the stranger, stepping towards it, I did leave this basket, and now you and your mistress here would oblige me very much, by packing yourselves off into the back apartment.

"I should like to know, exclaimed Miss Simms, enraged beyond all bounds at the audacity of the stranger, by what authority you thus insult me in my own house?"

"If I have no authority for my commanding words, calmly replied the stranger, I at least possess the power of enforcing them;" so saying he drew from his pocket a richly moulded pistol, and cocking it, added,

"Here, both of you, down this instant upon your knees, and swear that you will never reveal what has taken place, or what may take place in this shop this evening!"

"Will you swear?"

"O dear, ye-e-s, stammered out Miss Simms, pale and trembling with fright—yes, and we will go immediately into the back room sir, and—ahem—"

"Well go then!" interrupted the stranger, "and mind this, if I hear the least whimper of noise or alarm from either of you, that moment you die! Go!"

He had no occasion to repeat his command, for they "both instantly made themselves scarce."

After they had gone, the stranger proceeded to secure both doors, and then addressing himself to the astonished and affrighted Solomon, he said—

"Solomon Simpkins, I know you root and branch, and I knew your father before you, I know that for money you would do anything, aye, I believe you would sell your soul for it—now I am going to give you 100 dollars, and in return, you must take charge of the contents of this basket. It would be better for this infant, to die now in all its unconscious innocence, than to live and be like its mother—a poor outcast, a dishonored victim of a libertine and a villian. But a promise was given to its unhappy mother, that it should not die, at least by violent means, and that promise must and shall be religiously kept, at least as far as I am concerned. Take then this money and take the child; you are about be married—take her therefore, and if she lives bring her up as your own. You will receive yearly money enough to pay all her expenses, and when she is old enough, an additional sum to be appropriated towards giving her a genteel education. Here also is a casket, take it and be sure that you keep it safe till I call for it! Will you take the money and the casket, and agree to the terms?"

Now the sight of the money, and the sort of "free and easy" bearing of the stranger, had restored unto Solomon the courage which had deserted him upon seeing the pistols, and stepping up to the counter, whereon the money lay, he answered—

"Yes sir, I will take the money, and I will also take the child, and do by her as well as I may be able!"

"Enough," said the stranger, "we shall meet again. Let the child be christened by the name of Mary Morland."

So saying and without waiting for an answer, he abruptly left the shop.

A few days after the events narrated above. Old Mr. Simpkins died, leaving Solomon his sole heir, after repeating to him several times his solemn injunctions—to get married, and take good care of his mother. As early as his notions of decency permitted, Solomon carried out the first part of his worthy father's advice to the letter, and Miss Dorinda Simms, having dismissed her apprentice and disposed of her shop and its contents, became through the agency of Squire T——, Mrs. Solomon Simpkins, and immediately established herself at the head of her husband's household.

Fifteen years had passed away after the consummation of Solomon's marriage, and his business had increased to such an extent, that he had disposed of his old store—dropped retailing—built a new, large and more commodious one, and commenced the wholesale business. His household at this time, consisted of his wife, two half starved clerks, and Mary Morland.

Born, if I may be allowed the expression, without parents, the life of our heroine up to her fifteenth year, had been with the exception of the first year or so of her infancy, a life of hardship and suffering, degradation and want. On the night of her strange consignment to the fatherly care of

Solomon, that worthy, after holding a long consultation with his intended spouse, concluded to place her under the care of an Irish woman of his acquaintance—who just having lost a child of her own, about two weeks of age, was well qualified, and also perfectly willing for a small remuneration, to suckle and nurse, as she said, “the baby without a mother.” After our heroine had been with this woman little more than a year, Solomon came to the conclusion that he could not afford to pay her board any longer, so he took her away from her kind nurse, and she was delivered over to the “tender mercies” of his ugly cross-grained wife. Now although upon the score of economy, Mrs. Simpkins had counselled her “better half” to take Mary home—yet the hatred and malignant antipathy which she always cherished towards her, dated from the very night when Mary was so unceremoniously deposited in her shop. Possessing the most absolute authority over the concerns of her household, Mrs. Simpkins did not fail by every means in her power, to crush and break the spirit of the defenceless child left to her charge. In order to do this, her insatiable tormentress, as our heroine grew old enough, compelled her to do all the low mean drudgery of the house, besides continually taunting her upon her supposed illegitimacy in somewhat like the following strain—

“Come, Miss Impudence, don’t stand at that looking-glass curling your hair any longer, if you do, I will tear every spear of it out of your head, you ——. I suppose you think you’re a beauty, don’t you? Who was your mother, hey? Take that, (slapping her severely upon her back,) and get your old bonnet and pack off to school, and mind that you come home the minute it is done; I’ll sec—a-hem.”

Then the poor girl, wiping the bitter tears from her young eyes, would go to school, and after earning in sorrowing thoughtfulness her daily task, again return to her prison-like home, and retiring to the garret where she lodged, would throw her tired and emaciated form on her miserable bed—there too woo in the calm bitterness of solitary despair, that soothing angel of injured youth and innocence—sleep.

In consideration, therefore, of the hardships and privations under which she labored, it is not to be wondered at, that our heroine resolved to make her escape from her slave-like bondage, soon as a favorable opportunity might present itself. Before she entered her 16th year, she had thus resolved, and an accidental circumstance soon after favored her with an opportunity of putting it into execution.

She was awakened one night from a sound sleep, by the strong smell of a suffocating smoke, and upon arising to ascertain the cause, she found to her extreme horror and surprise, that the house was enveloped in flames. She immediately endeavored to escape by the door, but as she opened it, the thick black smoke almost stifled her, and obliged her to run back to the window, where she shouted for help with all the energy of wild despair.

As she stood at the window, her shouts and her white drapery attracted the attention of a brave young man in the street, who instantly placing a ladder to the window, hastened to rescue her, at the risk of his own life. Despite the advice of his friends in the street to the contrary, our hero ascended the ladder, and in a few minutes more, he was seen descending with the lifeless form of Mary in his grasp. He had hardly gained the foot of the ladder, before the roof fell in, and he then hastened with his fair charge from the scene of the conflagration.

CHAPTER III.

The name of the fearless young man, who rescued our heroine from her perilous situation, was Henry Warwick. He was by profession, one of the most noble of that true-hearted and useful class of our citizens, who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the mighty waters," in plain words, a sailor. Born of poor parents, and losing his father in early youth, he had become at the age of 18, almost the sole stay and support of his aged mother. He had one sister much older than himself, and by their joint exertions, she plying the needle, and he ploughing the Ocean waves, they contrived to maintain themselves and their mother very decently in a small house about half a mile distant from the abode of Mr. Solomon Simpkins.

On the night of the fire, Henry was sitting in conversation with his sister, and when the alarm was first given—in spite of her entreaties to the contrary, he hurried quickly to the spot, in order as he expressed it, "to lend them a hand" in subduing the flames. He had been gone but a short time, when his mother and sister were greatly astonished and surprised by his suddenly returning, bearing in his arms, the apparently lifeless form of Mary Morland. As soon as he entered the house he said to his sister—

"Jane! take care of this poor girl, and use quickly every means in your power, to bring her out of the swoon into which she had fallen previous to my saving her saving her from the burning building!" So saying he again left the house, and Jane proceeded to disrobe the sufferer assisted by her mother, of the few garments which she in her hurry and fright had put on,

and substitute some of her own in their stead, at the same time plying her freely with such restoratives as happened to be near at hand. In consequence of these kind offices, our heroine soon recovered from her swoon, and after she had required her senses, she said—

"O, tell me my friends? who was he that delivered me from tyranny and the flames, that I may give him all I have got to give him—my thanks!"

"He is my son!" replied old Mrs. Warwick, all a fond mother's pride rising in her bosom, upon being thus reminded of her son's humane and daring exploit, "but probably my dear, you will not have an opportunity of thanking him before morning, therefore as you are weary and must need rest—you can have a share of Jane's bed, to which I should kindly advise you retire immediately!"

Mary Morland wept bitterly when Mrs. Warwick concluded, for the kind words of the good old lady sounded strangely to her ears; and well indeed they might, as the poor girl had not been kindly spoken to before, since she left the arms of her Irish nurse.

After her emotion had sufficiently subsided, she said—

"My kind friends, I will gladly follow your advice, and I would thank you, but my heart is full, I cannot!"

"Come!" said Jane in a soothing voice, interrupting her, "come my sister; let us retire to bed, and leave thanks and everything else till to-morrow!" Suiting the action to the word, she took Mary's passive hand, and then they both together retired to Jane's apartment."

In assisting Mary to undress, Jane saw something upon her fair white neck, which caused her to start back a little, but she said nothing, and then they both layed down, and were soon fast asleep.

"Thunder and Lightning!" exclaimed Mr. Solomon Simpkins to his "better half" on the morning succeeding the fire, "I'm in a pretty fix now—lost my house, but that's nothing, that's insured—there's something lost Mrs. Simpkins of a vast deal more consequence than that! I mean my dear, the Casket which I received in your shop, Mrs. Simpkins, some 15 years ago, from the mysterious stranger who brought the baby, you know!"

"Yes! I 'know' to my sorrow, replied Mrs. Simpkins, for that baby, as you call her, has been the plague of my life from that day to this—although she always pretended to feel above doing housework, and such things, but I rekcon I brought her pride down, the impudent hussey, I did, a-hem."

"Yes! and I guess that what your cruel treatment didn't do, the fire has done," replied Solomon—"for Mary is missing, and has not been seen or heard of since the fire."

"It will, in my humble opinion, be lucky for us if she did get burnt up,

Mr. Simpkins!" replied his amiable partner, "for I have always had a presentiment, that that girl would ruin us if she lived, 'but dead folks tell no tales!' a-hem."

"Well," replied Solomon, quite resignedly, "if the girl's dead, she's dead, that's all—and if she ain't, why, she's got no home and knows nobody, therefore, she will soon be glad to return to her old friends, so all that's nothing my dear, to the loss of the casket, if it was burnt up, I needn't care, for I couldn't help that—but then it ain't burnt up, for the first thing I grabbed when I was awakened by the alarm of fire, was that very identical article, and in my fright and hurry I hurled it from my chamber window into the street!"

"Well, my dear," replied his wife in a consolatory tone, "perhaps some one picked it up, who will be honest enough to return it, supposing you advertise it."

"Guess I will advertise it then," replied Solomon, "but here is Tom Stubbs, who looks as if he had something to say."

"What's the case, Tom?"

This question was addressed to a bare-footed, bare-headed urchin, who sometimes served Mr. Simpkins in the capacity of errand runner, and the answer that he gave to it was as follows—

"Vy nothin wery particklar sir, ony as how I seed a man last night, ven the house was on fire, agoing down street pretty considerable fast with the young woman in his arms, what used to do chores in the house. She appeared to be dead, and being kind of curious to see what he done with her, I kind o' followed arter him, and I know where he carried her, and supposing you would like to know, why if you'll give me a fourpence, I'll tell you."

"O, do tell us where the jade is," exclaimed Mrs. Simpkins very eagerly, "and you shall have your fourpence, a-hem!"

Now om, who was well versed in the different phases of Mrs. Simpkins' countenance, noticed very quickly the tone of anxiety in which she spoke, and replied—

"I agreed marm, to tell Mr. Simpkins for fourpence, but where I tells two I charges double price; now I shan't tell neither of you short of ninepence."

"D——n the the girl," said Mr. Simpkins, (enraged to think that his spouse, should be anxious about anything excepting the Casket,) "let her go, and then we shan't have the trouble of her."

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Simpkins sarcastically, "I have not the least objection in the world to her going to Botany Bay if she likes, only Mr. Simpkins, I would merely insinuate, a-hem—that when the mysterious stranger reappears to claim his Casket, he might have the presumption to inquire after the baby, and if you could give no account of her, unpleas-

ant consequences might result to you. And furthermore my dear, she may have possibly picked up the Casket, and carried it off along with her, a-hem."

"I thought I seed something in her hands," chimed in Tom, calculating to get a ninepenny job, "vot looked very much like a small square box."


"The very thing," exclaimed Solomon, "here you young rogue, here's your money, and if we find the box, why I will double it. So show us the way as soon as soon as possible."

"No you don't," replied Tom, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and I have got one ninepence, and as I feels pretty sure that the young woman's got the box, why I shan't budge an inch, till I get the other one. That's all, Mr. Simpkins."

"Confound the young scamp," exclaimed the enraged Solomon, "what shall I do, Mrs. Simpkins, shall I give it to him?"

"Why, yes," answered the impatient lady, "I suppose you must and I'll take it out of that hussy's hide, when I get hold of her, that I will, ahem."

"Solomon then gave Tom the additional ninepence, and that young worthy telling them to follow him, started off very leisurely towards the house of Mrs. Warwick.



CHAPTER IV.

With the reader's permission, we will now anticipate Tom's movement a little, and walk (at least in imagination) into Mrs. Warwick's little kitchen, where we shall find Henry, his mother, and sister, and our heroine, all seated quietly at breakfast. Mary had just concluded relating the painful history of the wrong she had suffered, and the hardships she had endured in the family of the Simpkins's, when the bitter tears again crowded down her beautiful though pale cheeks, as speaking again, she said—

"My kind benefactors, although I feel that it is not right for me to longer intrude upon your hospitality, still I must beg the privilege of remaining with you till I can find some place where I may be able to earn a livelihood."

"It is fitting," replied Mrs. Warwick, "that the house of the 'widow and fatherless,' should also prove to be a refuge for the orphan in the hour of distress; therefore, my dear, as long our humble abode may be agreeable to you, you are perfectly welcome to share its comforts with the rest of us."

"O yes, do stay," exclaimed the kind-hearted Jane, "and I will learn you to work with me, and we will be so happy."

"I would also beg leave to add," said Henry, "that I shall always consider it my dearest privilege to render every assistance to Miss Morland, that may be in my power."

Mary replied not to her kind friends with her lips, her joyful and varied emotions would not admit of it; but the bright beaming of her sparkling blue eyes, as she turned them towards her benefactors, spoke volumes of gratitude and thankfulness.

And now tired reader, although it is not our wont to give long and minute descriptions of our heroines and heroes, yet we feel it to be our duty to say a few words of the kind regarding Mary Morland.

At the time we are now speaking of, notwithstanding the many cruelties and hardships she had suffered, nature had triumphed over their combined effects, and she had grown up a tall, well proportioned and elegantly formed girl. And the beauty of her countenance, was equal to that of her figure. Her hair was of a light and beautiful auburn color, and its handsome ringlets fell in rich profusion over a neck as white and fair as

the purest alabaster. But to return. Ere Mary, after the scene we have just described, had sufficient opportunity to dry away her tears and conquer her emotion, so that she might speak, she was startled by the voice of Henry Warwick, exclaiming:

"Ha, who have we here? By all that's holy, the old villian himself," and as he spoke the door of the room opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins immediately entered.

"Ah," exclaimed the latter of these worthies as she rushed towards Mary, and rudely grasped her arm, "Miss Runaway, you are here are you, ahem, come you may prepare yourself to go with me, how dare you leave me so, you jade, you vixen; but I'll pay you when I get you where I can, that's what I will, ahem."

At this stage of the lady's angry tirade, Mrs. Warwick interposed, by saying:

"Madam, this young lady was saved last night from being consumed by the flames of your burning house, by my son; and by him she has been placed under my care and protection, I therefore, shall not allow her to be taken by force out of the house, or to be insulted while she is in it, therefore if you would avoid farther trouble, you will let go your hold upon her arm and leave this house immediately."

Meantime Solomon had asked Henry about the casket, and he having denied all knowledge of it, Solomon slightly insinuated that he might have secreted it, whereupon Henry very unceremoniously kicked him into the street, and on returning to the house and finding that Mrs. Simpkins, red with rage, was about disputing his mother's peremptory order to leave the house, he said:

'It would, perhaps, be thought very ungallant in me, madam, to kick you into the street as I have your husband, but there is the open door (pointing to it) and you will oblige me by walking very quickly and also very quietly out of it.'

Mrs. Simpkins thought it expedient to obey Henry's polite command, and she commenced retreating, though very slowly, and frequently turning about for the purpose of firing random shots from the well charged battery of her querulous vocabulary, as follows:

'I'll be revenged on you Miss Impudence, and you too Mr. Jackanapes, that's what I will, ahem, whenever your father and mother tell me that Miss—and—'

'Begone instantly,' exclaimed Henry, indignant at Mrs. Simpkins's taunting allusions to Mary's parentage, and he proceeded to enforce his command by pushing the enraged woman outside and shutting the door in her face.

'O how shall I thank you my kind, my generous deliverer, for rescuing me a second time from the clutches of those monsters in human shape,

exclaimed Mary, rising from her seat and tremblingly taking Henry's hand.

'Talk not of it my dear girl,' replied Henry, his manly and handsome countenance beaming with delight at the soft pressure of her fair hand, 'what I have done, I consider no more than the duty of any man, who is a man, and if in any respect it may conduce to your future happiness, I shall in the knowledge of that fact, feel amply rewarded.'

So saying, Henry left the house, and Jane who had retreated to her chamber at the commencement of the fracas, now rejoined Mary, and they both together commenced their avocations for the day.

The life of Mary Moreland, for a month succeeding the events narrated above, was happy beyond her utmost expectations; and it was observed by Henry's mother and sister, that during that time, he was more frequently in the house than was his usual wont when at home from sea; indeed, for a week before he sailed, he scarcely left it at all except in Mary's company.

Now the natural consequence and result of this state of things was the springing up of a fervent attachment between Henry Warwick and our heroine, which soon ripened into a mutual, true and unchanging love, and the day before he sailed, during one of the many happy walks they had together enjoyed, they solemnly pledged to each other their hearts, she promising upon his return to ratify the engagement with her hand. But as some one has truly observed, the 'course of true love never did run smooth,' for Henry had to sail next day and leave his young affianced bride to be unhappy and weep at his absence.

Dire was the disappointment, mortification and rage of Mrs. Simpkins, at the treatment they had received at the hands of the Warwick's, and as they retraced their steps, they commented upon their misfortunes in the following queer and original manner:

'I'll kill that 'ere Tom,' said Solomon, 'a young rascal, for swindling me out of that 'ere niaepence, and as to that 'ere d---d scoundrel of a sailor, I will challenge him; no I wont though, cause that's agin the law, but I'll commence an action against him immediately, damages 200 dollars, blow me if I dont. O that young devil of a Tom, I only hope I shall catch him at my store again that's all. Did that sea monster strike you my dear Mrs. Simpkins.'

'Strike me!' repeated that amiable lady in a tone of the most supreme contempt; 'I should like to see that man upon the face of the earth, who would dare to do that; I, why I would scratch his eyes out, that's what I would, ahem. But I'll be revenged upon that young-come-by-chance Mary, see if I dont, that's all, ahem.'

But the angry complaints and objugations were suddenly cut short by the appearance of a young stranger, who stepped up and confronting Solomon, said:

'Is your name Simpkins?'

'It is sir, at your service,' answered Solomon, somewhat taken aback by the foreign accent of the stranger's voice.

'I am commissioned in that case to inform you that a gentleman who left a casket, and also a basket in your charge some 15 years ago, will appear in about six weeks to claim the one, and also the contents of the other. The course you and your wife have pursued towards that child, has been well marked, and probably you will be suitably rewarded therefor. If anything should happen that the gentleman himself does not appear at that time, I shall take the business into my own hands. See that you have every thing in readiness in six weeks time. Good morning.' So saying, the stranger went on his way.

'Now here's another pretty fix for me to be in,' exclaimed Solomon 'and God only knows how I am to get out of it. Something must be done, and that soon, or I shall be ruined.' So saying, Solomon taking his wife's arm, they both entered a house which they had rented that morning and commenced what Mrs. Simpkins called 'putting things to rights,' which consisted in placing in order what few things they had saved from the conflagration of their house.

CHAPTER V.

About a week after Henry had sailed, as Nancy and Jane were sitting very quietly to work in Jane's chamber, they were both startled from the pleasing luxury of innocent thought in which they both were indulging themselves, by a loud knock at the outside door of the house. Upon descending the stairs and opening the door, Jane was somewhat surprised and confused at seeing a very handsome young man dressed in the height of fashion, who bowing very politely asked :

'Does Miss Mary Morland reside here?'

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued: 'I wish you would have the goodness to inform her that a person who feels himself greatly concerned in her welfare, wishes to have the honor of conversing with her a few moments in private.'

Jane, after politely showing the stranger into the little room below, hastened up stairs to inform Mary of his presence. 'O Mary,' whispered Jane, 'such a handsome young man with black hair, and black eyes, I guess you never saw before, at least I never did.'

'I do not see what he can want of me,' laughingly replied Mary, 'but however, I will go down and endeavor to ascertain.'

As she entered the lower apartment, the stranger arose and speaking in a tone of great deference and politeness, he said :

'Miss Morland, I presume?'

'The same, sir,' replied Mary.

'I beg you to be seated, Miss Morland, as I have something of importance to communicate to you.'

Mary having seated herself in accordance with the stranger's request, he continued :

'Being somewhat acquainted, Miss Morland, with the strange circumstances, connected with your parentage and birth, I have been commissioned by a gentleman who has always taken a deep interest in your welfare to inform you that your presence will now be needed by one who bears a very near relation to you. This person lives in a foreign clime, and my great object in visiting you at this time, is to endeavor to obtain your consent to accompany me on board a vessel and proceed under my protection, to the place where the person spoken of resides. As it will probably be a week before the vessel arrives here, you will have ample time to prepare

every thing necessary for your short voyage. I await your answer,' 'I cannot consent sir,' replied Mary, 'under my present peculiar circumstances to accompany any stranger to any place, unless they state much more explicitly than you have done, their motives and reasons for such a proceeding. Heaven knows sir, that I would suffer almost everything for the sake of finding my parents, for it is hard, a very hard thing to live in this great world and feel that we are alone. The only answer that I can return to your question, is sir, that unless you can give me the name of the person who you say needs my presence and your own name, I can never consent to what you propose.'

'It is out of my power,' Miss Morland, to be more explicit at present, and if you do not consent to take the step promised by me you will undoubtedly always remain ignorant of what you so much desire to know.' So saying, the stranger arose and politely taking leave of Mary, departed, whilst she, rejoining Jane in the chamber, related to her the conversation she had just held with him.

On the same day that this strange visitor appeared to Mary, Mr. Solomon Simpkins might have been seen in close conversation with two men of decidedly ruffian-like appearance, in one corner of a miserable cellar in B—— street.

As Solomon concluded his speech, one of the ruffians made answer as follows: 'Then you don't want to give her a touch of the cold steel, eh?'

'No,' answered Solomon, 'that will not answer my purpose, as I am bound to deliver her to the mysterious gentleman, alive and well. I wish you to use no farther violence towards her than what may be necessary to keep her from raising an outcry and alarm.'

'Shall we take her off to-night?' asked the other man.

'No,' answered Solomon, 'a week from to-night, will be time enough; she will then take a walk (as I have ascertained from my boy Tom, who sometimes runs of errands for her) unaccompanied by any one, then you can watch your opportunity and when she gets into a dark place in the street, one of you can step up in front of her and ask her some question, whilst the other coming up from behind, takes and slips a handkerchief round her mouth in place of a gag, and then you both seize her and carry her to my store. How's that for a plan, eh?'

'Very good, excellent,' replied the elder of the two men, looking upon Solomon with admiration, 'you would be worth a fortune to our gang aye you would make the best highway robber upon the road.'

'Pshaw! nonsense!' answered Solomon, apparently not relishing these complimentary encomiums, 'what's your price for doing this little job?'

'Why,' replied the same one who had last spoken, 'as we hav'n't got to use the steel, and thereby run our necks into danger of a somewhat unpleasant acquaintance of a halter, I spose we might do it for 50 dollars

'between us. What say you, Jem?' 'Vy,' replied Jem, 'whatever you agrees too, as you are the oldest, vy I agrees too, of course.'

'Well then,' replied Solomon, 'I will give you that sum as soon as you deliver the girl into my hands. But we had better separate for the present or people may suspect and watch us.'

So saying, Solomon immediately left the cellar, and the two ruffians stepped up to the bar and drank, left also.

One morning about a week after the event related above, Tom Stubbs might have been discovered upon the end of Long wharf gazing intently down the harbor, as if in expectation of the approach of some particular vessel. Whilst he is gazing, he thus soliloquizes :

'Blow me if I didn't come that ere ninepence out of old Simpkins about the slickest, I spose he'd a cowhided me for it if he dared to, but I knows too many of his old tricks, and he's afraid if he flogs me I'll peach. And so the rascally old fool has hired me to watch Miss Mary, and the Portuguese gentleman has hired me to watch her and him too; by the mortal blue blazes, as Pat Rourke says, I'm in fine luck. But here comes he brig vot the outlandish man told me to look out for; my geminy, how she comes, she sails like a duck.'

As he finished speaking, the brig had arrived abreast of the wharf, and rounding too beautifully (as a sailor would say) she immediately dropped anchor.

In a few moments after, a boat was seen to leave the brig and come towards the wharf.

After she had arrived, two men left her and jumped upon the wharf, one of which appeared to be the captain of the brig, while the other was an elderly gentleman, and by his rich dress appeared to be a foreigner of distinction. They were followed by two sailors, one other being left in charge of the boat.

As soon as they were landed, Tom Stubbs steps boldly up to the two foremost of them and said :

'Which of you gemman is it vot skippers that ere handsome looking craft?'

'If you mean to ask who is the captain of her,' answered the younger of the two, 'why I am.'

'The wery man vot I wants to see,' said Tom, no ways abashed by the haughty tone in which the captain spoke. 'Here is a letter vot a handsome young gemman vot goes to the big school over there to Cambridge told me to give to you.'

The captain took the letter, and looking at the direction handed it im-

mediately to the elderly gentleman, who upon breaking it open read in silence what follows :

‘ Don JOZE :

I have kept a strict watch upon the motives of Mary, and have once visited her. During that visit, I found she would never consent to leave this place. By the pertinacity with which she refused, I suppose there must be a sweetheart in the way. Therefore, if you decide that she must go, a small degree of force will have to be put in requisition. The bearer of this, (a shrewd dare-devil of a boy) will conduct you to my hotel where we can perfect all necessary arrangements concerning Miss Morland.

Your affectionate nephew,

JUAN GARCIA.

After he had concluded reading the letter, Don Joze, passed it to the Captain, and after he had perused it, they both, with Tom for their guide, moved off in the direction of the hotel mentioned in the note.

On the evening of the same day, Mary, all unconscious of these plots against her person, telling Jane (who was somewhat indisposed) ‘ that she was going out for the purpose of exercise and that she would soon return,’ left the house. When she had got into the street, she was accosted by Tom Stubbs, as follows :

‘ I thought Miss Mary, as you are always so pitiful-like towards the poor, that perhaps you would like to go see the poor old woman who fell down amongst the ballast stones on Long wharf and broke her leg. If so be, Miss Mary, you’re afraid to go, why I’ll beaue you up there.’

Our heroine, who was always ready and willing to assist as far as was in her power, the suffering and the poor, (as Tom very well knew) therefore gladly accepted his offer of escorting her to the scene of the poor woman’s misfortune.

They hurried along, therefore, Tom keeping remarkably near to his companion, until they reached the wharf, when Tom giving a peculiar kind of whistle, two sailors rushed from behind a store and seizing our heroine, and showing her a dagger, telling her to make no noise under pain of death, they hurried with her to the boat before spoken of, which after it had received her with Done Joze, the Captain and Don Juan Garcia, was pulled to the brig, where, after our heroine, who had swooned, had been taken on board, the Captain ordered the vessel to be got underweigh, and soon the fresh night breeze filling the white canvass, she had left the city far astern. As to Tom Stubbs, as soon as he had whistled, why he—mizzled.

CHAPTER VI.

We must now change the scene of our story to Fayal. This is one of the most beautiful Islands of a group known as the Azores, by some called the Western Islands. It is under the dominion of the Portuguese, and is the residence of the Governor—and the town contains some fine houses, and also some 3 or 4 Catholic Churches, the interior of which are spacious and decorated with most magnificent and costly elegance. There is also a nunnery there, which at the commencement of our story, contained a Lady Abbess and some 50 or 60 nuns, and about half as many novices. This Island also possesses a good harbor, and its merchants carry on a considerable trade with the United States.

About a month previous to the events related in the last chapter, the bells of all the Churches in the town of Fayal tolled a mournful peal, and the inhabitants were seen flocking from all quarters to the large Church which is situated on a small eminence, near the landing place or pier. It was a bright and beautiful morning, and the sun shone brilliantly upon the numerous throng of rich and poor who appeared to be hastening to perform their morning devotions.

And now gentle reader, we will enter the Church, and we shall see the Bishop arrayed with all the insignia of his holy office—celebrating that solemn and imposing ceremony, called the High Mass.

But it was evident, that something of more importance, even than that, was about to take place, for at its conclusion, the motly congregation there worshipping do not retire as usual, but remain in solemn and almost breathless silence—apparently awaiting some interesting and extraordinary event.

After a few moments suspense, the solemn tones of the organ are heard, and then the choristers commence the soul inspiring chaunt of the "Misereere." At its conclusion, a side door opens near the altar, and the nuns of "Santa Maria" enter and proceed—dressed in white and closely veiled up, throug the broad-aisle to the door of the church, and then turning proceed down one of the side-aisles to the open space in front of the altar, when they stop and range themselves in a line under the direction of the Lady Abbess.

This having been done, the Bishop takes his place upon the altar, and addressing the congregation, says :

"Brethren, the novice Agnes Theresa, being sick of the follies and sins of this wicked world, has resolved for the future to seclude herself from it, and dedicate the remainder of her life to the service of The Most High God; in token whereof, she is about to assume the solemn symbol of the black veil."

"Sister Anes Theresa, step forward."

In obedience to his command, a tall thin form stepped out a few paces in advance of the nuns and novices, and unveiling showed features regular and beautiful, although they were deathly pale and greatly emaciated.

'My daughter,' continued the Bishop addressing her, 'before you take the irrevocable step, which is to shut you out forever from the world, and bury yourself in the bosom of our Holy Church, it is meet and fitting, and also your solemn duty, if you have anything of a worldly nature bearing upon your conscience which you may not have revealed to your professor, make it now known to me and receive absolution therefor.'

During this speech, the frame of the novice trembled violently, and at its conclusion, she said :

'I have much to say Holy father, but the presence of this multitude oppresses me, and I cannot speak before them, neither can I take the veil until I have spoken.'

The bishop after speaking a few words to one of the priests in attendance, pronounced the benediction, and the multitude slowly and reluctantly retired.

After the Church was cleared, and the bishop at the request of the novice had dismissed his attendants, she knelt before him, and in a low, but trembling and sweet voice, made the following

CONFESSION :

'I was born Holy father, in Boston, in the United States; my parents were in humble, although not by any means low circumstances, and I being an only child was almost idolized by them.

They both died within a short time of each other, leaving me in the care of an aged aunt, and with no other fortune but my youth and beauty, at the tender age of 14. It was about two years after that sad event, when I accidentally became acquainted with Don Jose de Marana. He was then a handsome man some 10 years older than myself, I was beautiful and what was worse I knew it, our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, my youth and inexperience were not proof against his arts and promises, and blinded by the sweet infatuation of youth's first and true love, I fell.

The effects of my error were soon apparent, and at last I became an unmarried mother. For 2 days after my confinement, I was for the

most part of the time insensible, and when at last my senses were restored to me, Don Jose informed me that I must immediately go on board his vessel which was soon to sail for this place, where, as you must be aware father, he owns an immense estate. I then told him that I was ready to go to any place with him, to suffer anything, aye, everything, even death itself, if he would only let me have my child, to which he replied :

‘My dear Elizabeth, your child is safe but you cannot see her, at least for the present, as my vessel is now ready to depart, and a carriage is in waiting to take you on board.’

‘I did not hear any more, for my head swam and a dizzy faintness came over me, and I felt as though my last hour was at hand.

How long I lay in this deathly stupor I know not, but when my senses again returned to me I heard the monstrous plashing of the dark waves of the Atlantic, as they washed against the sides of Don Jose’s small but beautiful vessel. The state-room in which I found myself when I had fully awakened to consciousness, was magnificently fitted with every thing requisite for my comfort and convenience. I also found Don Jose by the side of my berth, and he seemed to be much gratified at the prospect of my recovery.’

‘When we arrive, my dear Elizabeth, he said, at my Island home our union shall be satisfied by marriage.’

‘But all my prayers and tears, and entreaties, proved unavailing to draw from him aught concerning my child, except ‘that she was safe,’ and on that account I was nearly driven to distraction, which at last settled itself in a calm and sorrowful melancholy.

After a short passage we arrived at this island, and I then discovered the villany of Don Jose. Instead of atoning for his former deceit to me by marriage, he deliberately told me after our arrival here, that he could think of me in no other light than that of a mistress, as he had been for some time under a matrimonial engagement with a noble Lady belonging to own native land. When I heard this cold hearted, death-toned announcement, I felt rigidly and strangely calm, and then suddenly giving a loud, wild laugh, I cursed him, aye bitterly cursed him, yet he heeded it not, but left me a stranger in a strange land, destitute, lonely, and helpless.

The first night after my arrival here I passed on the sea shore, and there kneeling on the cold grey rock, oh! how I prayed—how I agonized to die. And then a wild delirium seized upon me, but God conquered it, and when reason again assumed its shattered throne, I found myself in yonder Convent, where the tender assiduity and kindness that I met with from the sisters, and the holy example of pious resignation set by them, soon rendered me in a degree reconciled to my situation and my fate. After some time had elapsed, their arguments and examples, and my own

conscientious convictions, led me to embrace the Most Holy faith which I now profess, and having become at last as I wrongly thought, totally weaned from the world in which I had so bitterly suffered, I was prevailed upon some 2 months ago, to consent to renounce it altogether.

But upon what a frail tenor are based the strongest resolutions of the female heart ; when love, true and undying love is opposed to them. Since the time when I gave my consent, I received clandestinely a note from Pon Jose, couched in terms of repentance and regret, and entreating me to see him once more, ere I took the irrevocable step which would shut me out forever from such an interview. After a long and severe struggle between my feelings and my duty, love gained the ascendancy, and we met. In the course of that meeting he said :

‘Elizabeth, part of your bitter yet well deserved curse has been fulfilled, for my wife is dead, and our unison while she lived was unhappy, and were never blessed with children. Hearing that you was about to exclude yourself forever from the world, I solicited this interview, not for the purpose of trying to alter your determination, for I feel that that would be utterly useless, but I solicited it for the better purpose of entreating you to delay that fatal step, till you have seen and blessed your child. I know where she is, and if alive, she shall soon be here. I have kept her place of residence from you through fear, that by your means my numerous and powerful friends might become acquainted with the fact, which would have been a death blow to my ambitious projects and designs. But thank God, Elizabeth ! I have seen the error of my ways, now almost at the eleventh hour, and I am fully determined to make every atonement in my power, to you and every one else whom I may have injured. Elizabeth, we have met by stealth, and our interview may not be prolonged, farewell, I am about to sail immediately for America, and when I return I shall bring with me your child. I have a nephew there at Cambridge College, whom I have employed to watch your child’s movements, and he has written to me from time to time concerning her. I have provided amply for her support—Adieu !’

‘So saying he turned from me and hastened on his way.’

‘Such, Holy father ! is my sad story of error and repentance, and although my determination to enter the convent remains unaltered, still with your permission I should wish the final ceremony deferred till I have seen my child. I had intended to have revealed all to the father confessor of the convent, and be guided by his advice, but he was suddenly called away on the next day to another jaland, from which he has not since returned.’

‘Daughter !’ replied the Bishop, ‘your prayer shall be granted, I will take upon myself the responsibility of granting the respite you require. And may God bless you and your child.’

Having knelt and received absolution, sister Agnes Theresa retired to her convent, and the bishop summoning his attendants left the church.

CHAPTER VII.

When the two sailors rushed from behind the store on Long Wharf, and seized upon our heroine, (as related in our 5th Chapter,) Tom Stubbs retreated, and ensconced himself snugly in the place they had vacated, where in watching the successful consummation of his cunning-stratagem, he thus soliloquized:

'Vell I guess I planned that ere little thing about right—gimini! how the good-hearted girl hurried to help the poor old woman vot broke her leg; ha! ha! it takes Tom Stubbs to do them ere things, if she had a gripe of me now, I reckon I should suffer some. But I have got the same kind of a job to do for old Simpkins, as I did just now for the Portuguese 'gemmon,' 'but they can't both kill the same dog,' so I must put old Sol on the wrong scent. But let me see, how shall I fix it—ah! I have it,' and off started Tom in great glee for Simpkin's store.

'Aha! you young rogue,' exclaimed Solomon as soon as he got sight of Tom's comical looking phiz, 'glad you're come, been looking for you this half hour! How long before Miss Mary will walk out?'

'Vel, in about an hour, I reckon!' answered Tom. 'Is big Bill and little Jem ready for their part of the business?'

'Sartain they are!' replied Solomon, 'and besides here is Mrs. Simpkins all ready to receive her when she comes.'

'Yes, that I am!' replied that worthy matron, stepping out from behind some barrels, 'and when I get hold of her, won't I wallop her handsomely, the jade, the hussey, the —, ahem!'

'Hope you'll hurry the business!' continued she, 'for I am itching to get hold of her, and I hope I shall soon—ahem!'

'Yes!' replied Tom drily, 'I rather guesses as how you will.'

Solomon who during this conversation, had been looking wistfully down the street, now exclaimed, 'here comes big Bill and little Jem. Now Tom my boy, show them the way, they will secrete themselves near the house, and when Mary gets into the street you whistle, and they'll be on hand to do the rest!'

Big Bill and little Jem, having come up, as Solomon commanded his directions they all three started, Tom taking the lead, in the direction of

Mrs. Warwick's house. Big Bill and little Jem having secreted themselves behind some piles of wood opposite the house.' Tom started across the road to reconnoitre the premises.

Looking into the windows he said to himself:

'By gimini! if there ain't Squire T——'s daughter chatting with Miss Jane, jest about Mary's size; I'll be revenged on her now, for she throwed some hot water on me once cause I killed her cat.'

'O gimini! ain't this capital. Guess I'll go in and find out when she is going home.'

So saying, Tom entered the house and inquired with great sang-froid, if Miss Mary was at home?

'No!' replied Jane, 'but I expect her in every minute, she has been gone now for more than two hours, and I begin to feel anxious about her, as she is seldom gone more than one!'

'Did she leave any commands for me?' continued Tom.

Jane replied in the negative, and looking out of the window, she said, 'Dear me, how dark it is. Tom you will have to stop and go home with Miss T——.'

'Sartinly, Miss Jane!' replied Tom, 'if you wish it.'

'I am sure he shan't!' exclaimed Miss T——, 'I would'nt have him, for the saucy block-head killed my cat, he did! I'll have none of his company. You need not feel any uneasiness Jane concerning me, as I am going right away now; and as it is not very late, there will be many people in the street, and I do not feel at all afraid.'

'O yes!' laughingly replied Tom, 'I guess there'll be people enough in the street to take care of you, therefore, as I find that my services will not be accepted, vy I guess I will 'make myself scarce.'

Tom suiting the action to the word; immediately left the house, and sheltering himself behind a tree, was soon gratified by seeing Miss T—— leave the house and walk leisurely towards her father's dwelling, which was situated at the bottom of the same street. Tom then followed, keeping far enough behind to be secure from observation, until she had got to the wood-pile where big Bill and little Jem was secreted—when Tom giving the signal agreed upon; the two worthies rushed from their hiding place, and instantly securing their prisoner as Simpkins had directed, they bore her with great celerity to that worthy gentleman's store.

A short time before the events narrated above, the young Portuguese gentleman whom we have introduced into our story under the title of Don Juan Garcia, who had employed Tom to watch Mary, had gained from him information concerning Simpkin's plan for getting her into his safe keeping and wishing to punish Simpkins and his wife for their cruel treatment to our heroine, (which he had also learned from the same source,) he resolved to lend Tom a helping hand in carrying out the frolic which he had so

successfully commenced. He therefore walked immediately to Simpkin's store, and calling Solomon to the door said to him :

'You will undoubtedly recollect Mr. Simpkins, that some 6 weeks ago, I called upon you concerning one Miss Morland, who had been left when an infant under your charge. I then informed you that I should again appear at this time to claim her and the casket. Are you ready to deliver them both ?'

'Sir,' replied Solomon in great trepidation, 'since the night in which my house was burnt down, I have neither seen nor heard anything concerning the casket. All I know about it is, that on the night in question, as soon as I ascertained that the house was on fire I threw it into the street, supposing that whoever might pick it up would be honest enough to return it to me. But concerning the young lady sir, I am happy to inform you sir, that she will return to my house this evening, having since the fire been on a visit to some of our friends in the country. She will therefore be subject to your commands to-morrow morning.'

'Your story about the casket,' replied Don Juan, 'may be true or it may not, I must leave that matter to be settled by the owner of it, but concerning Miss Morland, I have positive and very particular orders for you to convey her immediately upon her arrival at your house this evening to Square T——'s, where she will meet a person deeply interested in her welfare. She must be there before 10 o'clock. If you obey my injunctions in this particular you shall be handsomely rewarded, but if you do not, the consequences be upon your own head.' Having thus spoken, Don Juan abruptly left the store.

Having deposited their burden upon the floor inside of Solomon's shop door, the two ruffians were about to depart, when Simpkins addressing them said :

'Thus far, my friends, this has been managed well, by the by Bill that boy Tom is a cunning devil, but as I was saying, this affair has been managed thus far so well that I must crave your assistance in carrying it a little further, for which additional service, I will handsomely reward you besides accompanying you, and running an equal part of the risk. Will you agree to it, my boys ?'

'Yes,' replied Big Bill, 'provided we can make her walk, and we don't have to go through any of the principal streets. Where shall we carry her ?'

'To Squire T——'s ?'

Upon hearing this announcement, the poor girl upon the floor, (where she had lain passive during the first part of the conversation, suddenly jumped to her feet and motioned with her hands, for being gagged with a

handkerchief she could not speak) that she was willing to walk with them.

'Stop,' said Mrs. Simpkins, as they were about departing for Squire T-----s, 'I must speak a few words to madam before she goes,' so saying she stepped forward and immediately commenced a savage war upon the defenceless prisoner with her fists and nails, and scratching her face till the blood flowed from it, showering upon her at the same time, a great profusion of choice epithets, amongst which were the following:

'I told you I'd be revenged upon you, you good-for-nothing jade—you hussy, you dare to tell people that I treat you cruel again will you, why don't you tell your mother, say---ahem---or your father, you nasty impudent come-by-chance; you, I wish it was not so dark here, that I might see how your handsome face looks now, you---ahem.'

Having by this time become perfectly exhausted, both in strength and voice, this virago suffered the prisoner to depart under the strong escort of Big Bill, Little Jem, and her better half-Solomon.

In a short time the whole party arrived at the Squire's house where Solomon, upon looking round for his prisoner, (after having dismissed his accomplices) discovered that she was boldly entering the street door in advance of him.

'Why the girl's crazy,' ejaculated Solomon, as he stood upon the doorstep confounded at what he termed her strange conduct; 'I guess Mrs. Simpkins's reception didn't agree with her; served her right though, however, I guess I will follow her, if I don't I shant come in for the handsome reward hinted at by the stranger.'

Judge gentle reader, if you can, of Solomon's astonishment when upon entering the lighted room, where her father and brother was sitting, he saw not Mary Morland, but the pale, blood-stained and disfigured countenance of the Squire's only daughter.

Standing thunderstruck in the middle of the floor, the old Squire rose from his seat and greeted him as follows:

'How dare you have the audacity to enter my house you old scoundrel, you superannuated villian, after treating my daughter in this awful manner. I know some old tricks of yours, which when coupled with this, will give you a seven years birth in the State prison, you old reprobate. Seize him George and hold him till I call the police.'

George held him as his father had directed, but any degree of force was altogether superfluous, for there stood poor Solomon erect and stiff, and motionless, gazing fixedly and fearfully upon the blood stained countenance of Miss T——, without possessing the ability of saying a single word in his extenuation.

The police having arrived, these plots and counterplots ended for the time, by the commitment of Solomon to the watchmen preparatory for his examination the next day upon a charge of assault and battery and abduction. His wife having been also concerned in the affair, an officer was sent immediately to the store to arrest her, which being now accomplished she had the uncraved privilege of sharing her husband's lodging.

MARY MORLAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now tired reader, with your permission, we will again turn our attention to our heroine.

As soon as she had gained the deck of the brig, Don Jose thus addressed her:

‘Daughter, I entreat your forgiveness for the rough means used to force you on board this vessel, for although my actions upon this matter may not seem to you perfectly justifiable, yet believe me, my motives are good. If it shall please our Father in Heaven to grant us a safe deliverance from the dangers and perils of the deep, in three short weeks your fair form will be embraced by a mother’s arms.’

‘If I were sure your words were true, I would willingly endure every suffering, every privation, for the privilege of beholding and embracing that dear parent; although in my years of infancy and helplessness, she left me to the cruel mercies (if I may so speak) of a cold, unfeeling and selfish world.’

‘O it was not her fault,’ exclaimed Don Jose, greatly moved by the reproving and bitter words of Mary, ‘blame not her, she does not deserve it. She was the innocent dupe of a villain; curse him if you will, but do not I beseech you, breathe a reproach upon her name.’

‘Bless you,’ replied Mary, ‘if you are an incarnate fiend, for those soothing words. My mother then did not desert me? Oh sir, I now feel that your words are true—forgive me for having ever doubted them. But brought up as I have been to see nothing but deceit, and cruelty, and wickedness, I had almost learned to distrust and look with suspicion upon the wisest and the best. Oh sir, I am so confident that you know not what it is to be alone in the world, to have no guardian hand to shield you from oppression, temptation, and want, to be as it were without a name, without a friend. But the increasing motion of the vessel sickens me, I would retire.’

According to her wish, thus expressed, Don Jose having led her into a superb and magnificent state-room, where she found a Portuguese female servant, whom he had brought with him for that purpose, in readiness to

wait upon her, left her and returned upon deck, where, leaning over the brig's rail and gazing into the dark blue waters beneath, he thus soliloquized :

'The sad and bitter words of that fair and beautiful maiden have pierced to the very core, even of my hard, strong heart. Wretch, miserable wretch that I was, for the sake of grovelling in the favor of a few rich and powerful friends, to have consigned that fair creature in the tender and true innocence of infancy, to the care of one, whom I knew to be a deceitful, mean, miserly villian. And that casket,' continued he bitterly, 'which contained the only means by which I can atone to that dear child and her mother, for the deep distress and shame I have brought upon them, cannot be found. Oh, if it could, what a world of future misery to me and mine, it might, nay, would prevent. Oh God, it must be found. That old villian in whose accursed custody I deposited it, declared to Garcia, that it was not destroyed when his building was fired; if so be that his words in regard to that prove true, I will immediately after delivering this fair creature to her mother, return to Boston and spare neither wealth nor toil, nor any thing else, in my efforts to discover it.'

Having formed this resolution, he sought his cabin and throwing himself upon his couch, he soon fell into a troubled and unrefreshing sleep.

It was a week succeeding the above events, before Mary had sufficiently recovered from her violent sea-sickness, to be able to visit the deck, but during that time, she received every attention from Don Jose, and her female attendant. And when again she did visit the deck, the clear, pure air of the ocean, gave to her cheeks a beautiful and delicate tint of red, which tended greatly to increase the exquisite beauty of her countenance, and she seemed, as she stood gazing upward upon the deep blue sky, to be invoking the guardian care and protection of some sister angel to guide her through the dark path of her future destiny. And as she thus stood, watching the proud careering of that beautiful vessel, over the blue waves, every eye of the passengers, officers, and crew, were gazing-upon her in silent admiration. But there was one amongst the passengers, whose admiration quickly emerged into the sweeter and more intense feeling of Love. That person, was the young, handsome and noble Juan Garcia.

Loving with all the hot ardor of his warm hearted countrymen, he did not hesitate a moment, when a favorable opportunity occurred to express to her his sentiments, and urge and entreat her earnestly to reciprocate them.

'I have!' said he to her, 'fortune, honour, every thing which would tend to make your future life pleasant and happy; therefore my dear Miss Morland I ask the dear privilege of becoming a suitor for your heart and hand.'

'Young man,' she replied mournfully, a sickly smile at the same time lightning up her beautiful features, 'I have been long betrothed to one, now

far away from me, who possesses neither fortune or proud title, but who does possess, what is of far more importance, a noble, true and generous heart. It may be that I shall never see him more, perhaps he may meet death in a foreign land, yet whether it be so or not, whether I am destined to meet him again upon earth, or in the fair, bright realms of yonder Heaven, I will meet him pure and spotless, and in all readiness to fulfil my solemn engagements.'

As the lovely girl, thus delivered the sentiments of a pure and unspotted heart, she seemed, in Don Juan's eyes, to look more beautiful than ever, and finding that his suit was utterly hopeless, he only replied :

'Happy, thrice happy must be that favored being who possesses the true and noble affections of a heart like thine;' then leaving her, he retired in a state of melancholy to his cabin.

Meanwhile the vessel had gone gaily upon her course, and had arrived within three or four days sail of her destined port, when Don Jose, who had ever since the memorable night of when he had held conversation with Mary, had been moody and silent, become suddenly ill. Every expedient which circumstances would allow, was immediately put in requisition by his nephew for the purpose of restoring his health, or at least prolonging his life till he reached his island home. But all was of no avail. The plenary and brittle thread of his life was nearly spun out, and finding that his recovery was utterly hopeless and that he must die, he called Mary to his bedside and thus addressed her :

'Daughter, I had fondly hoped to share the melancholy joy which will be attendant upon your meeting with your injured mother, but God has seen fit by commencing his just punishment upon me, to deprive me of that blessed privilege, and whilst I have strength to think and breath to speak, I feel I must use it, in trying to repair in some degree the wrong I have done. My child, behold now your wretched, miserable, dying and repentant father. Yes,' continued the dying man, 'it was I who destroyed and blasted forever, your mother's hopes, and innocence and happiness. It was I, who through the subtle medium of a sham marriage, (would to God it had been real,) beguiled her into that fatal error, which in woman, is never in this world forgiven. But for that crime, I have drunk to the very dregs the bitter cup of despair and remorse. But, oh my child—I raise me up a little. Oh! God—I am dying,' and the cold sweat of death gathering upon his brow, he muttered, 'Come Elizabeth—my child—my will—kiss me—mercy—call the priest'—and with a horrid and deep groan, the wretched seducer, the repentant father lay back upon the bed, a stiff, cold corpse.

Horror struck at this melancholy and awful termination of this interview with her father, our heroine, hardly knowing what she did, opened the state room door and called for help. The call was immediately an-

swered by his nephew, who was at the time upon deck, and immediately descending and entering his uncle's room, he exclaimed:

'God of Heaven, my uncle is dead,' and then almost overcome with grief at the sad event, he informed the Captain of it, and requested him to hasten, by every means in his power the passage of the vessel to her destined port, where his uncle might be buried in the consecrated ground, where the bones of his noble ancestors lay entombed.

In obedience to these directions, the Captain ordered every sail to be set, and the next morning the gallant vessel was within three leagues distance of the fine harbor of Fayal.

Having reached her anchorage, Don Juan with the Captain hastened to the shore, to impart the melancholy intelligence of Don Jose's death, and to make the necessary arrangements for taking the body ashore and having it interred. It was soon settled that the funeral ceremonies should be performed the next evening in the Cathedral church, with all the imposing grandeur of the Romish ritual.

It was evening. The bright moon was shining with superb brilliancy upon the calm, glassy waters of the harbor, and soon a boat was lowered from the little Portuguese brig, and proceeded slowly towards the landing place or pier of the island. It bore the coffined body of Don Jose, together with the living forms of the Captain, Don Juan, and the grief stricken Mary. Having arrived at the pier, the coffin was taken out of the boat, and was about being borne off to the church, when a tall figure, clad in white, who had been observed sitting on the farther corner of the pier, rushed forward and catching our heroine in her arms, she exclaimed:

'Father in Heaven, I thank thee, that thou hast vouchsafed to grant thy erring and sinful creature, the sweet privilege of embracing her long lost child. But stop,' she exclaimed wildly as they were about to bear away the coffin, 'set it down and let me take a last, long farewell look at him, from whom I feel I cannot be separated even by death.' Don Juan granted her request. She threw herself upon it, and exclaiming, 'Jose, my beloved, I depart with thee!' the chords of her lacerated heart were broken, and the soul of that erring, yet gentle, and beautiful woman, had sweetly departed to the spirit world.

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving for the present our heroine, under the protection of Don Juan Garcia, to mourn over the loss of her unfortunate parents, we will now turn our attention to Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Simpkins.

Upon the day succeeding Miss T——'s disagreeable adventure, Solomon and his wife, after undergoing a preliminary examination before the Police Court, were held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars each to take their trial before a higher court. He easily procured the required bail, and taking his wife's arm they both proceeded to their residence.

That night, Solomon taking a lamp entered a little room where he kept his private papers, and which he denominated his study, where he seated himself, and ruminating upon his future prospects, thus soliloquized :

'Well, this is about the prettiest fix that ever I was in. Tom Stubbs did not appear at the Police Court to-day against me, but probably old T—— will make him appear at the other one, and then I shall be dished. Confound that d—d Tom, but I'll be even with him yet. But I must speak fair to him now, and try to bribe him to be out of the way, or to swear falsely, or something. To-morrow I will send for him, and see what I can do with him.

Having brought his mind to this conclusion, Solomon retired, where he found his amiable spouse giving vent to her mortification and rage in no very gentle terms.

'I wish I had hold of that ere good-for-nothing nasty rake of a Tom Stubbs,' said she, 'wouldn't I wring his neck for him, the thief, the robber, the starved brat, ahem; though I wouldn't so much mind having a dig at Sal T——'s face as anybody's else, the good-for-nothing trollop, if it hadn't a been for the public exposure. And that ere other good-for-nothing come-by-chance, I am almost ready to fly out of my skin, to think that she escaped my vengeance.'

The lady having by this time exhausted her strength by her loud words and violent gestures, gritted her teeth in the impotence of her rage, and retired to bed, where Mr. Simpkins soon followed her.

Next morning, Solomon started off in search of Tom, having concluded that it would be better for him to settle his business with 'the young

rogue' in the street, than to send for him to come to the house, where Mrs. Simpkins would not be likely to grant him a very pleasing reception. He soon discovered Tom, as he anticipated, sitting upon a curb stone, busily engaged in whittling a stick, and whistling in high glee, probably at the recollection of the curious plot, which the night before was through his means, so successful.

Mr. Simpkins, therefore, approached unperceived, until he had got near enough to tap Tom on the shoulder, which he did, and that worthy young 'cub' looking up, Solomon thus addressed him:

'I say Tommy my boy, that was a funny game you come over us last night, wasn't it? How the d---l did you manage it, eh?'

'What would you give to know?' replied Tom, giving at the same time, a significant wink from his left eye.

'Why, the fact is', answered Solomon, 'I don't suppose you meant any harm, but it may turn out to be a pretty serious joke for all that. Now Tom, my boy, I want to make a bargain with you.'

'Well,' answered Tom with the most perfect nonchalance, 'I am ready. Go on with it.'

'Well Tom, my son, you know I suppose, that I am under heavy bonds to appear before the next Supreme Court and take my trial upon the serious charge of abducting old T——'s daughter, and my wife is also to be tried at the same time, for assault and battery upon the same person. Now yours is the only evidence that will prove the charge of abduction, (the evidence of the young woman, only tending to establish the fact of her having been taken to my store,) therefore when the trial is about to come on, I will furnish you with money enough to pay your expenses to New York or some other place where you cannot be conveniently got at, and I will give you ten dollars besides. What my Tom, will you do it?'

'Can't do it for that money,' answered Tom, with great apparent concern.

'I'll double the money then,' replied Solomon, 'and give you twenty dollars.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'after a moment's pause, 'I really can't say about it at present, but however, I'll make up my mind betwixt now and Court time, and let you know what I'll do about it.'

Mr. Simpkins, after having asked Tom a few more questions, found he could get no decided answer from him, he therefore reluctantly turned and left him.

'There he goes,' muttered Tom, as Simpkins walked slowly back towards his house. 'Yes, there goes the biggest old villain vot I knows of. But I am cunning enough for him any time. The fact is, I knows a most as much as vot would hang him, and vot is a good deal better, he knows that I know it. I seen what he got Big Bill to do to that piece

of paper in the little handsome box, vot Bill called a caskage, or something of that kind; and I smoked it out of him, that it was all about a great heap of money and land away off in foreign parts, vot belonged to Miss Mary. And I got an old grudge against Simpkins besides, for when I first began to run errands for him and work in his store, he used to beat me with a rope's end ven I couldn't help myself, and now it's come my turn, won't I be even with him, hey?' Chuckling at the idea of having sweet revenge upon Solomon for the corporeal injuries he had inflicted upon him in his boyhood, Tom rose from his seat and started off at a round pace for Squire T——'s office.

Having arrived there and found the Squire, he thus opened to him his errand:

'Squire T——, I am the one vot knows all about what old Simpkins done to your daughter last night, or if he didn't do nothin to her, vy he hired somebody else to, so it's all the same thing I suppose. So vot I wanted to say to you Squire, is this, that venever old Simpkins is tried, if you want the benefit of my evidence, vy you can have it. Now old Simpkins tried to hire me to keep myself out of the way at that particular time, but he's a man, Squire, vot has lived in this world a good while, and never done anybody any good, but on the contrary done to many a great deal of hurt, so I think that it is high time that he was punished, and I shall do what little I can to bring the punishment upon him as soon as possible; so I called Squire, to let you know that I should be on hand when called for, that's all.'

'You are a good boy,' replied the Squire, 'and I shall be glad to have your evidence against that old villian; here is a dollar for you for spending money, take it and be sure that you don't make a bad use of it.'

Tom did not need a second invitation, but immediately pocketed the money and left the office.

Long and anxiously did Jane Warwick and her mother watch upon the night of Caroline's abduction for her return, and as hour after hour of that weary night passed away and she did not appear, their hopes grew fainter and as the day dawned, their excited imagination constrained them to believe that she must have met an untimely end, and they mourned for her as those who have no hope.

'O my poor, dear brother,' exclaimed Jane, 'it will kill him, he did so love and doat upon her; but here comes Tom Stubbs, perhaps he may be able to give some tidings of her,' and clinging to that forlorn hope 'as a drowning man would at a straw,' she ran to meet him, exclaiming:

'O Tom, our dear Mary went out last night to take her customary walk, and has not since returned. Have you seen her?'

'Vy yes,' answered Tom, 'and I can tell you that I believe her to be per-

fectly safe, and betwix you and I, Miss Jane, I believe if ever she comes back again she vill be one of the finest ladies in the land. She went away much against her will, as who would'nt, ven they did not knows vere they are going. But I tell you what it is, Miss Jane, I expect although I does'nt know any thing for sartain about it, that her father has carried her off to some forrin place to see her mother. So now Miss Jane, as you knows all I knows about it, vy don't cry and make yourself and mother so uneasy for everything vill work out right yet.'

Having thus spoken such comfort to Mary's disconsolate friends as he was able to, Tom disappeared, and they becoming very gradually satisfied with his strange story, were soon apparently reconciled to what had taken place.

* * * * *

After the last sad ceremonies had been performed towards her father and mother, and the poignant and her heartfelt grief of our heroine had in a degree been calmed down and assuaged by time, she informed Don Juan of her farther's obscure hints upon his dying bed, concerning the casket and his will, and he ever willing disinterestedly to do anything which he thought might serve the poor orphan's interest, immediately resolved to return to Boston, find Simpkins, and spare no pains or expense in his endeavors to find the casket and the will.

Now, according to the laws of property in that country, at that period, if there was no will left by the deceased, and he had no legitimate issue by his marriage, all Don Jose's immense estates and personal property would fall into the hands of his legal wife's nearest relative, (if she happened not to be living at the time of his death,) therefore it was desirable to all parties that it should be settled as soon as possible,

Everything therefore having been got in readineas, Don Juan and our heroine made immediate preparations to embark for America. Walking down the pier to take a boat for that purpose, their progress was retarded by a crowd who surrounded a group of three or four sailors who had just come ashore on 'liberty,' from an American vessel that lay at anchor in the harbor, one of whom was exhibiting to the astonished gaze of the natives, something very curious and valuable.

'I say Jack!' exclaimed one of the sailors, addressing the possessor of this article, 'luff and bear away with that casket as you call it, or some of these d——d Portuguese will steal it!'

Stepping towards them, as soon as he heard the word casket pronounced, Don Juan speaking to the same person said, 'let me look at that article sir, if you please?' 'O, yes sir!' replied the American respectfully, 'you can look at it sir.' So saying, he removed the handkerchief that covered it, and handed to Don Juan a beautiful casket which bore upon its lid the golden initials of his uncle's name.

'How did you come by this?' added Don Juan almost unable to suppress his joy at the sight of this important relic.

'Why sir, you see!' replied the sailor, 'that on the night we sailed from Boston, when I was cruising down to the wharf where she lay, I heard the cry of fire and saw the flames as they broke forth from old daddy Simpkin's house, so I hurried up with all the rest of the folks to lend a hand and towards putting it out. Well when I got abreast of the chamber window, what should come smash right down to my feet, but that very casket which you now hold in your hand. So I picked it up, thinking I would save it till I could find the old man, and then I would give it up to him, but just at that minute our mate he comes up and says—'Come Jack, all waiting for you,' we are going to cast off, and go right to sea!' 'Ay, ay, sir, said I, and I went aboard taking the casket along with me, and in short time we were off to sea. So sir, I intend to keep it until I get home, and then return it to the owner!'

'I am going,' replied Don Juan, 'directly to America, and as I am acquainted with the owner, and as I also know that it is of the utmost importance that he should have it as soon as possible, to show you that I do not wish to take it from any improper motive, why if you will let me take it, I will give you one hundred dollars which sum is double the price of it.'

After pausing for a few moments, the honest tar answered—

'If you will give me a writing, sir, to show that you received it from me, I should be very glad to have it returned by you to the owner.' Don Juan having instantly acceded to this reasonable request, and paid the sailor the money, stipulated, took the Casket, and he and Mary immediately embarked on board the brig, and were soon wending their way over the wide ocean to Boston.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

The vessel in which Don Juan and our heroine had embarked, was favored with a prosperous passage until she had got within about a week's sail of her destined port, when a violent tempest arose, which although it lasted but a short time, threatened in its wild and irresistible course, to overwhelm the little bark and consign its passengers and crew to a watery grave. But she rode out the gale gallantly ; proudly defying the combined forces of the wind and waves.

On the morning following the gale, the Captain repaired on deck, and observing that the 'look out' at the mast head seemed to have his eyes fixed intensely upon some object—he hailed.

'Mast head there,' anything in sight to the leeward ?'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'What does it look like ?'

'She looks like a large ship, sir ! dismasted and in distress.' Upon receiving this intelligence, the Portuguese captain ordered the helm to be put up, and 'squaring away his yards' soon (nautically speaking) ran down the distance that separated his vessel from the stranger.

Having accomplished this, it was soon discovered that the strange vessel was a large ship, with nothing but her mizen mast standing, and that she had a signal of distress flying in her mizen rigging.

Although there was a heavy sea running at the time, yet the Portuguese captain, after obtaining the affirmative advice of his passengers and crew, resolved to attempt immediately to board her.

The mate and three of the crew being all that could safely be spared from the service of the brig, and a fourth being necessary to make up the boats complement, Don Juan quickly volunteered his services, and the boat immediately left the brig.

The attempt to board the distressed ship having proved successful, it was found that she was in a sinking condition, and that her crew were almost entirely exhausted by hardship and fatigue. The Captain stated that his vessel had sailed from Boston about two months previous to that time,

bound to the East Indies, and after being out a short time she sprung a leak, that he then put into St. Michaels, on the Azores, to repair, but finding it would cost a great deal to repair her there, and as there was at the island at time a vessel bound direct to Boston, he concluded to write to his owners and obtain their orders as to the course he should pursue.

They sent a letter in answer to his, directing him under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to return immediately to Boston and refit for the voyage. He therefore, after counselling his officers, they stopped the leak as well as they could and immediately set sail on her homeward passage. They had proceeded quite prosperous for about three weeks, when they encountered a tremendous gale, which caused her to leak worse than before, and took her mainmast off by the 'board.' But continued the Captain, 'our misfortunes did not end there. After all hands had been for two days hard to work at the pumps, they had experienced another heavy gale, more severe than the first, which threwed the vessel on her beam ends, so that the crew were obliged to cut away the foremast before she righted; when it was found that the leak had gained upon them, and then every one began to prepare themselves for the worst, when Don Juan's brig hove in sight and came so opportunely to their relief.'

After the Captain had finished his melancholy narration, it was very evident that no time was to be lost in hoisting out the ship's boat, and making all haste for the brig, where the Captain and our heroine were watching their approach with intense anxiety.

The boats soon arrived along side of the brig, and as the last one of the crew of the sinking ship stepped upon her gallant deck, Mary Morland giving a loud scream of joyful recognition, sprang forward and rushed into the arms of Henry Wharton.

After the intense joy caused by this unexpected meeting of our two lovers had in a degree subsided, and mutual explanations had taken place between them, Henry was invited by Don Juan to share the accommodations of his cabin during the remainder of the passage, which, as it would give our hero an opportunity of frequently seeing and conversing with Mary, he gladly accepted.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Don Juan had broken open his uncle's casket, (the key of which had been lost,) and discovered to his great amazement, that the will hinted at by Don Jose to our heroine was not to be found in it, although it contained some other papers, among which, was a certificate of the supposed sham marriage of Don Jose de Marana and Elizabeth Morland, the ceremony having been performed by Daniel T——, Esq., of Boston. A letter was also found signed 'by Elizabeth Morland, requesting Don Jose to name his child Mary Morland, as it had been the name of her sainted

mother.' Upon ascertaining the above facts, Don Juan resolved as soon as he reached Boston, to probe the matter to the bottom.

About a week succeeding these events, the brig reached Boston, and the passengers having landed, Don Juan proceeded immediately in search of Simpkins, whilst Henry and our heroine hastened towards Mrs. Warwick's abode, and pure and undescribable was the joy of that kind old lady and her amiable daughter, at the unexpected yet welcome appearance of Henry and Mary.

'Oh !' exclaimed Jane, 'how happy I am now ! why I am almost beside myself ! now we shall have a wedding, and then Mary will be my sister, and every thing will be so delightful, will it not brother Henry ? But, oh ! I had almost forgotten in the exuberance of my joy, to mention that by the death of your uncle in England, you will come into the possession of a fortune of 1,000 pounds sterling. Is not that good news ?'

Henry smilingly replied, 'that to hear of the death of his uncle, was not good news at all, but concerning the legacy he had left him, Henry acknowledged that the news of that was somewhat better, as he would now be able to establish himself in business ashore, and he could also make immediate preparations for his union with Mary.'

'Alas, Henry !' replied our heroine mournfully as he finished speaking, 'I now feel the dead weight of the imprudence and rashness of my conduct, of entering into an engagement with you, which it is impossible for me in my present situation to fulfil, crushing me to the earth. Not that I repent the engagement, Henry—no, God forbid ! but the deep, dark, stain of illegitimacy, lays upon me, and I feel that a true, noble, honorable man like yourself, Henry, should not share it. Therefore, after mature and bitter consideration upon the subject, I have firmly resolved never to marry an honest man while that stain rests upon me.'

'Oh !' replied Henry, 'do not, I beseech you, drive me to distraction, but recal your fatal resolves and let us hope that all will yet be well. Have we not solemnly avowed to live only for each other ? we have ! and if you were covered with ten thousand stains, none other but you shall be the wife of Henry Warwick, and——'

This painful conversation was suddenly cut short by the entrance of Don Juan and our quondam friend, Tom Stubbs. Having seated themselves, Don Juan said, 'cheer up, Miss Morland ! for I bring you joyful news. I have just visited your former guardian, Simpkins, who is now in prison for abducting a certain Miss T—— in company with this cunning and faithful boy, who charged him with having hired two noted counterfeiters to alter your father's will, so as to cause it to read in his name and not in yours. The hardened old sinner at first stoutly denied it, until I told him very seriously that I knew that my uncle's will was in the casket at the time that it was left under his charge, and that I also knew he had

taken it out; but if he would produce the will and swear to its having been altered, so that we might take the necessary measures to have it again made right, I would so manage the matter that he should come to no farther harm by it, and that besides, notwithstanding his villany, I would reward him handsomely. This had the desired effect, for he immediately owned having been accessory to the alteration of the will, saying at the same time, that he had never had a quiet conscience since. He then produced the instrument, which I now have in my possession, and I shall immediately take the legal steps necessary for the identification and proof of your title to your farther's vast fortune.'

'And,' continued he, 'I can also state to you, my dear Miss Morland, that having found in the casket a certificate of the supposed sham marriage of my uncle and your mother, the ceremony having been performed by one Daniel T——, Esq., now a Justice of the Peace, and father to the young lady whom Simpkins abducted. After leaving Simpkins, I immediately repaired, conducted by Tom here, to the Squire's office, and upon asking him if he recollected any such occurrence, he answered—'

'Recollect it yes! and as you seem to feel interested in the matter, I will state to you the particulars concerning it. At the time that that ceremony was performed, I was in the practice of the law in this city, and one day whilst sitting in this very same office, Don Jose with whom I had formerly been intimate at college, entered and said—'

'T—— I wish you to marry me.'

'I was somewhat astonished at his abrupt manner and singular question, but finding that he was apparently quite serious, I answered—'

'Indeed my dear fellow I cannot legally do that, for although I have been appointed a Justice of the Peace, yet my commission has not arrived, therefore you see, in that I cannot serve you. In answer to that, Don Jose said—'

'That it was only a sporting frolic, that he wished to have with a cousin of his, and thinking of course that nothing serious would result from it I consented, and going to another house in another part of the city, where after waiting about two hours the bride made her appearance, veiled; and I performed the ceremony in presence of the master and mistress of the house, and I then as I innocently thought to carry out a good joke, had a marriage contract drawn upon paper, had it signed by both the parties and the witnesses, and then leaving them I returned to my own house. Judge of my astonishment at learning from my wife, that my commission as a justice had arrived at my house about 10 minutes after my departure with Don Jose.'

'My God! exclaimed I upon hearing this; then that marriage is legal, and I must immediately inform Don Jose of the fact. But all my endeav-

ors to find him or the witnesses proved entirely unavailing, and I have heard nothing of him from that day to this.'

'The old man then over-hauled his papers and produced the original certificate, and I have great pleasure, Miss Morland, in being able thus to present it to you.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Mary, 'my dear Henry, the stain of illegitimacy is removed from me and we can now be happy.'

About three months succeeding the events just related, the marriage of Henry Warwick and Mary Morland was consummated in Boston, and Mary's title to her father's property having been proved beyond a doubt, she immediately after the joyful event sailed for Fayal in Don Juan's vessel, to take possession of it, accompanied by her husband, mother and sister.

Don Juan having got completely cured of his hopeless but disinterested passion for our heroine, then offered his affections to the amiable Jane, who cordially reciprocated them, and as soon as Henry and Mary were comfortably settled, they were married and lived long and happily together.

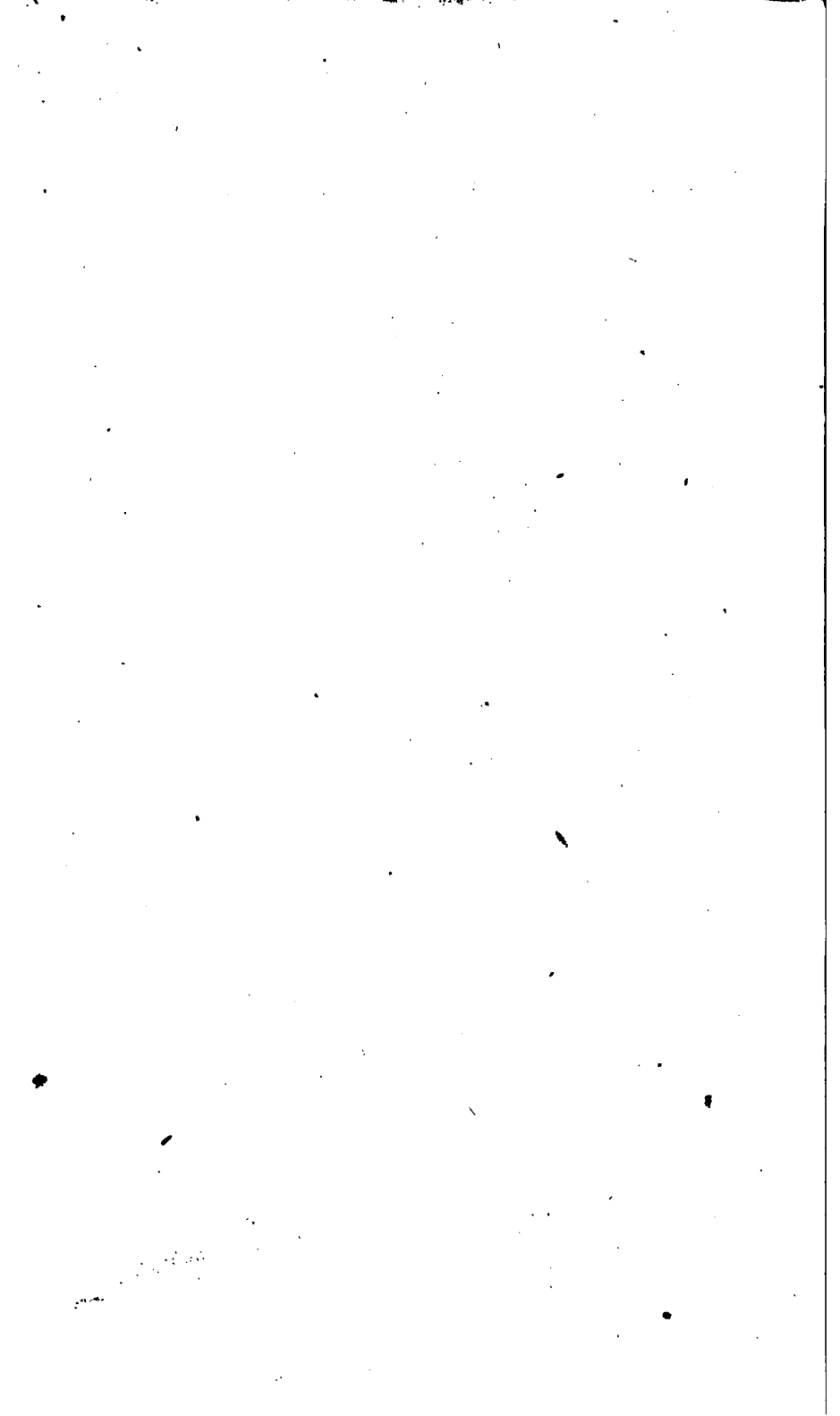
Tom Stubbs, having received a most munificent reward from Don Juan and Mary, for his invaluable services in exposing the villany of old Simpkins, took the sea and became Master of a vessel which traded from Boston to Philadelphia.

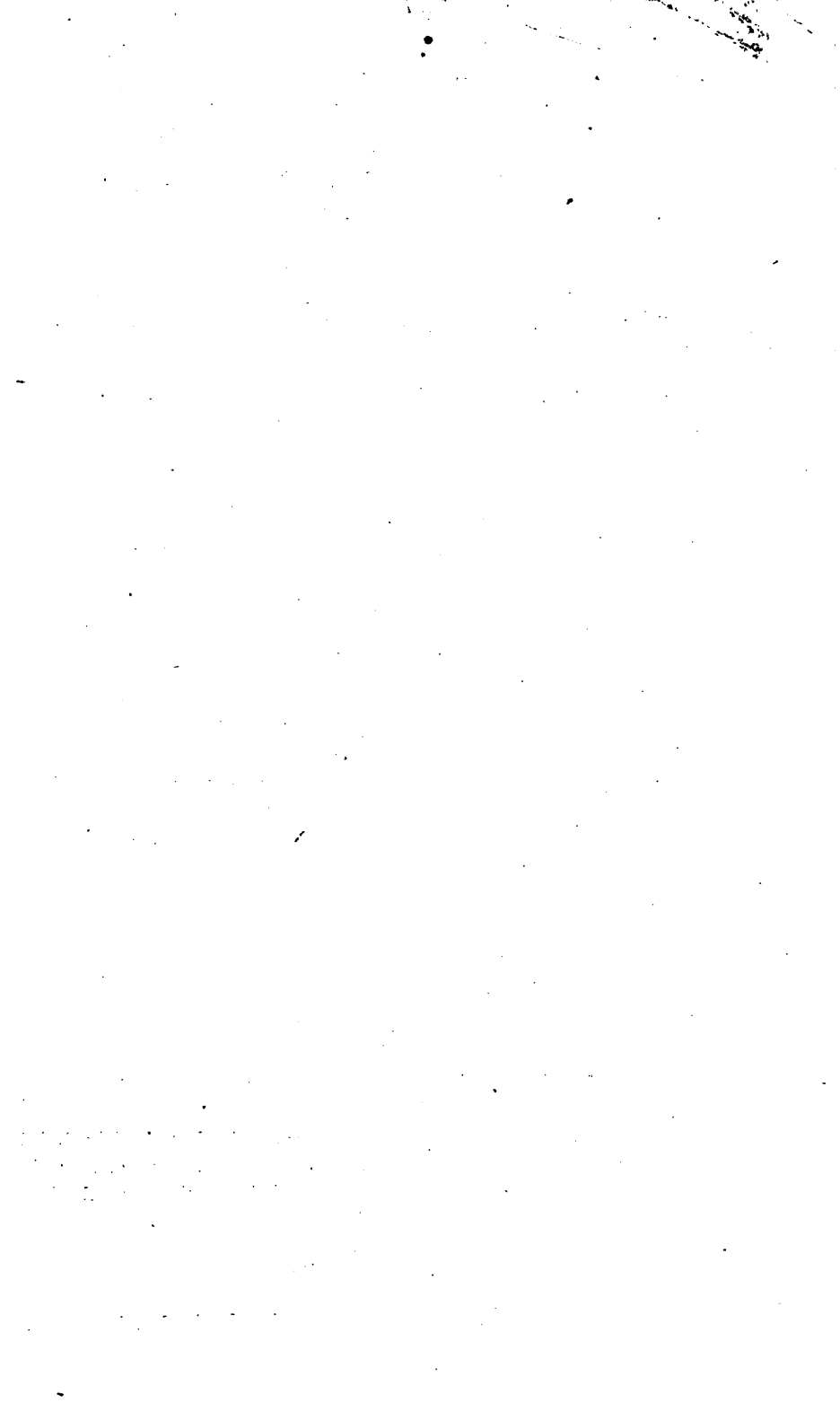
Numerous forgeries and other crimes having come to light against Solomon Simpkins, he and his accomplices were ultimately sent to the State Prison for 20 years—whilst Mrs. Simpkins, having grown crosser than ever at the discovery and punishment of her husband's crimes, still declares—

'That she only wants to get hold of that impudent, good for nothing jade of a Mary, she would tear every spear of hair out of her proud head, that's what she would, a-hem.'

Such, gentle reader, is the end of the fortunes and misfortunes OF AN ORPHAN.







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